The Motto thus ; *Sic ſpectanda fides*,

The firſt Knight.

King. And what's the firſt and laſt, the which the Knight hath ſelfe with ſuch a graceſull courteſie deliuered ?

Thai. He ſeemes to bee a ſtranger : but his Preſent is A withered Branch, that's only greene at top ;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe viuo*.

King. A pretty morrall ; from the deiected ſtate where in he is he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his iuſt commend ; For by his ruſtie out-ſide, hee appeares to haue practiſed more the Whipſtocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs ſcan The out ward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the Knights are comming ;
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry. The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you're welcome were ſuperfluous. I place vpon the volume of your deedes.
As in a Title page, your worth in armes ;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe :
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are princes and my gueſts,

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And Crowne you King of this dayes happineſſe.

Per: 'Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it :

In

In framing an Artiſt, Art hath thus de
To make ſome good, but others to e
And you her laboured ſcholler: come
For (daughter ſo you are, here take y
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerue his gr

Knights. Wee are honoured much

King. Your preſent glads our daye
For who hates honour hates the Go

Marſh. Sir yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir for we ar
That neither in our hearts nor outwar
Enuy the great, or doe the low deſpi
You are right curteous Knights.

King. Sir, ſit, ſit,
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of t
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of
All Viands that I eate do ſeeme vnſau
Wiſhing him my me: : ſure hee's a

King. Hee's but a country gentlema
Then other Knights haue done, has b
Or ſo ; let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemed a Diomon

Per. You King's to me, like to my
Which tels me in that glory once he
And Princes ſat like ſtars about his T
And he the Sun, for them to reuerenc
None that beheld him but like leſſer
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupre
Where now his ſonne like a Glo-w
The which hath fire in darkneſſe no
Whereby I ſee that time's the King
For hee's their parents and he is thei
And giues them what he will not wh

King. what are you merry, Knigh

Knights. Who can be other in thi

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